

THE  
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B. MORRIS HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1892.



## National Republican Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

WHITELAW REID.

## The Ballot.

Ballots, not bullets, will secure for workingmen and all others in this country their equal rights. This sentiment contains the only rational solution of the whole difficulty between Capital and Labor on American soil—the ballot, and not the bullet.

When labor organizations, or leaders, decide that for them the best thing to do is to "organize military bodies" and arm and drill with deadly weapons in defense of their cause, they adopt a course that if generally pursued would ultimately involve themselves and the nation in riot, revolution and ruin.

At this age, to arm and to battle for rights upon the line of physical force is not progressive, but retrogressive, and no one should think of it except with abhorrence. It is true that a little more than a century ago the Thirteen Colonies took up arms against violations of their just rights and fought against the tyranny of Great Britain, whose hiring soldiers were sent over here to keep a people destined to be free and independent in subjection. But then there was no other alternative but to fight. No appeal to the ballot box was possible. Now, just so far as the workingman is intelligent, and votes understandingly, and the ballot is freely cast and fairly counted, he is master of the situation. He is a slave only so far as he makes himself one and his comrades with him by playing into the hands of political knaves, making of politics the instrument of corruption and oppression, when, taught and maintained as the true "science of government," it would insure equal rights, domestic tranquility, peace and prosperity for all.

The cardinal principle in politics at this time is "Protection to American Labor," and that means, if anything, that the workmen of this country shall be elevated as to their material condition; that they shall enjoy a just share of the wealth they create. This they cannot obtain by invading the rights of proprietorship, as was done at Homestead, however well intended. The organization of labor is right and natural; it is the result of civilization and progress. The same is to be said of the organization of capital for purposes of production, modified by the collateral truth that there are moral responsibilities involving the welfare of the nation and the people that cannot be put out of sight in either connection. Between organized capital and organized labor there need be no misunderstandings. It is only when capital is combined in a great corporation or a "trust," where individual responsibility has passed out of existence, that any serious conflict between labor and capital arises. So far as corporations are devoid of individuality, and the members of them unaccountable to public and private interests, they are un-American, they are hostile to our institutions, and if they cannot be controlled ought to be crushed under the heel of advancing civilization, not by dynamite and burning petroleum, but by the freeman's ballot.

## The Political Pig Trough.

Rev. Thomas Dixon, the doughty young Baptist preacher, said last Sunday in Association Hall:

It is conceded without discussion by 62,000,000 people in America that the rottenest city government—in the English speaking world—is in New York. So profound is the disgust and contempt in which this city's municipal authority is held by the people of the nation that it is now impossible to secure for the city any great assembly or exhibition of a national character.

For this we have to thank Tammany Hall—an organization of "civilized brigands" banded together for the sole purpose of plundering the public treasury. It knows no principle save that of self interest. It wears the cloak of a national party beneath which to conceal the assassin's dagger. The only power recognized within its royal domain is the power of a "pull."

It has transformed the government of the second city of the world, that holds the key of the New World, into

a comedy of thieves. The name of the municipal government of New York is the joke of two continents. Our municipal record under this band of plunderers has formed the world's international burlesque of free government. We are the laughing stock of Europe and the recipients of the pity and contempt of our fellow Americans. With shame we recognize more truth than poetry in the withering scorn of Rudyard Kipling as he describes Manhattan Island as a long pig trough between two sewers. This certainly is a moral if not a physical fact. For all of which we have to thank Tammany Hall.

## Notes Here and There.

Bloomfield people have the reputation of knowing all about their neighbors and their business, and yet here was a man living in our midst who it would have been an honor to know. He sat in the councils of the purest of men in our country and was in touch with those who believed in the principles of the Republican party. Statesmen, poets, men of culture and of wealth were delighted to know and to honor Geo. W. Bungay, who died here last Sunday.

A strange fact appears in regard to the mails, which is this: That more letters are received in Bloomfield than go from it by a very large proportion, not considering bills, duns, and business correspondence, but purely social, family and adorable adorer's letters, and vice versa. A good system is to answer letters immediately after receipt, then it is done with.

The postman finds himself in no small degree held responsible for many things. A shrill blow of his whistle almost sent a baby into spasms and it's mother looks daggers at him every time she sees him. The non receipt of a letter by people who are not in the habit of getting them helps to make life unbearable to him, as fingers are shook at him with: You did not bring my letter.

A captain of one of the great ocean steamers said that "clergymen had the best intentions, lawyers the best use of their minds, and commercial travellers the best tempers." The first two do not require any proof—for the minister should be a man of pure heart and the lawyer should have a trained mind. It is not so hard either to understand the last, for the commercial trader comes in contact with all kinds of people. He has got to be "all things to all men," and so in the contact with the world it does one good to go out and get jostled. It knocks the square corners off one, rounds him out, broadens him, and enlarges him in every way. That is what makes the commercial traveller take everything as it comes. He has lost the angles of his disposition.

Some people think that women do not amount to very much, and yet we learn that Miss Viola Griswold took the highest honor in the graduating class at the College of Pharmacy of the Northwestern University. She was the only woman in a class of forty-eight. Miss Maud Rittenhouse of Cairo, Illinois, has been awarded a prize of \$1,000 by the Lynnville Improvement Company for the best story. Fanny Edwards, a girl of fifteen, eloquent and attractive, is preaching to the Tennessee Mountaineers with great success. They seem to be pushing the men every day for the first places.

Politeness is a cheap commodity and yet how little it is to be found in some places. There is a wonderful difference in stores. Take Newark for instance. (It is a great way off and no one there will be looking for the writer with a club.) You can go in some stores there and they will make you feel that there is actually some condescension upon their part if they wait on you at all. The writer will be pardoned for mentioning one store in Newark where the contrary rule works; where one clerk appears to vie with the other in treating customers pleasantly and politely. So many have spoken of it that there is certainly no harm in saying what store it is, and that is "Marshall & Ball's." There is nothing that draws trade so readily as polite attention. It is worth cultivating.

The terror of the housekeeper has made his appearance in our midst and that is the tramp. He has made his appearance in several parts of the township and as usual is no over particular in the language used when his gentle requests are not granted. We hope some nifty women will give him what he deserves, the widow's might. Let the dogs loose on him.

## QUINTENCE.

Harry Van Dyne, of Riverside Avenue, Belleville, attempted Tuesday to rescue a dog that had fallen into a culvert at the corner of Main and William street. To reach the dog Van Dyne went to the river and crawled through the pipe, which was barely large enough to admit his body. When within a few feet of the dog Van Dyne became wedged in. Men passed a rope to him and drew him out.

## POLITICAL HYSTERIA.

The Remarkable Part Played by a Woman in a Recent Convention.

I'm glad fate took me to a convention which never had a parallel, and probably will stand alone in history as the climax of political hysteria—all on account of a pretty woman and a white umbrella! There's no doubt about it. Men are creatures of sentiment.

The proper time to have cheered for Blaine was after the nominating speech of Senator Wolcott, whose rich voice rang out as did no other, though all the colored speakers had clear, magical voices. Colorado's junior senator looked well, dressed well, spoke well and was personally a favorite. When he sat down the applause that followed was the genuine expression of the Blainians and lasted but a short time. Its comparative brevity surprised me, and indicated what I had been told by a journalist early in the morning, that President Harrison would be nominated on the first ballot.

Then William Henry Eustis seconded the nomination in an address which rivaled the platform in the variety of subjects introduced. Applause was about to die at the end of two minutes when a lady back of the platform, and just above ex-Speaker Reed, waved a beautiful silk flag evidently prepared for the occasion. Still another flag appeared in the same quarter, waved by another woman. The sight fired men who otherwise would have been quiet. Cheer followed cheer. If ever a human being was cheered it was the pretty young woman in white, who between those waving flags stood on her chair, opened her white umbrella and swung it to and fro with a persistency which no one in her senses could have endured. There was hysteria in arm and face.

With fixed and glassy eye the woman in white swung on and on. Men and boys, not to be outdone by so frail a creature, waved handkerchiefs, opened umbrellas, took off their coats, raised hats upon canes, howled, shrieked, jumped up and down and acted like swarming white umbrellas.

"Who is it?" "Will she never sit down?" "What's the matter with her?" "If she doesn't stop soon she'll be the death of me!" were several of countless exclamations. The umbrella was withdrawn, but the mission of the woman in white had not ceased. The umbrella was replaced by a tricolor star with James G. Blaine's portrait in the middle. To and fro the woman in white waved it, and the cheering redoubled in volume. "To the platform!" cried some. The obsessed woman moved down with her star and had almost reached the platform, when her husband, a journalist, stopped her in her mad career and led her back to her seat. Mounted on a broom the star was still waved to and fro until at the end of twelve-four minutes the woman in white succumbed to nature and the reign of hysteria was over.

Delegates had taken little part in this demonstration. Harrisonians sat silent and grim, unmoved by the vagaries of a hypnotized woman. Sound and fury signified nothing to them. The curious spectacle did not change one vote. The man from Maine had already been sacrificed by political exigencies.—Kate Field's Washington.

## An Idea for Seating Guests.

At a pretty dinner given recently the guests, numbering forty, were seated, eight each, at five round tables. Each table was decorated with one variety of flower, and on arriving each guest was presented with a small bouquet of the flowers corresponding to the color of the table at which he was to find his place. The table where the host and hostess were seated was placed at such an angle as to command a view of the company by one or the other of them.

This keeping in touch with the guests is a difficult thing to do, by all means, at large dinners. In this regard a New York woman not long ago quite overreached herself. So puzzled was she at which table to sit herself that she finally cut the Gordian knot by dining alone at a small table placed in the center of her guests. As one of the guests said, "It was too deliciously funny to resent, and the smile which I could not repress I saw reflected from most of the other faces of the company about me."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

## Shell Coverings for Diamonds.

Surprising it is that shells or little coverings for diamond earrings are not more worn in this country. The safest place to carry the precious gems is in the ears, but during the day, particularly in the morning, these little shells either in black or subdued colors, look well. They conceal the brilliancy of the diamonds, that should really be shown only when a lady is in full dress or very elegantly attired. One could go shopping, etc., and these modest shell earrings would attract no attention whatever.—New York Journal.

## Mrs. Langtry Out Driving.

Mrs. Langtry drives every morning in the park, drawn by a big dark chestnut, which is quite a picture of what a single harness carriage horse ought to be. She has a footman and coachman in the nearest of every, and her usual companion is a black poodle, shaven in the orthodox way, and having his forelock tied with pale blue ribbon. This goes well with his mistress' dark blue foulard gown printed with yellow, and her chip hat, black underneath and straw color at the top, is trimmed with pink roses.—London Star.

## A Mistake Which Men Are Making.

It will not be many years, says Miss Willard's opinion, before the eyes of men will be opened to see what a mistake they are making when they put a premium on the celibate condition among women. When, for instance, they say that no married woman shall hold a position in the public schools, as some small souled educational boards have done in certain cities that shall be nameless. It is the utmost wisdom to bestow the ballot on single women and to withhold it from those who have given the costliest hostages to fortune. These unjust discriminations, combined with the love of liberty and largeness of life which is native to all human beings, will keep many of the largest natured women from sacrificing their influence and broad winning power on the marriage altar.

Men who decorate that altar with all that can command the holiest ambitions and the loftiest aspirations of the women who are their daughters and who have inherited from them the love of a forceful reaction on their environment—the wise men of the future—will place upon the brows of those most dear to them, above the wreath of Venus, the helmet of Minerva. "Good men have already given us such large standing room in the great world so long their undivided inheritance that it will not be nearly as much more should they some day give us all we ask—that is, an undivided half of the round earth."—Chicago Post.

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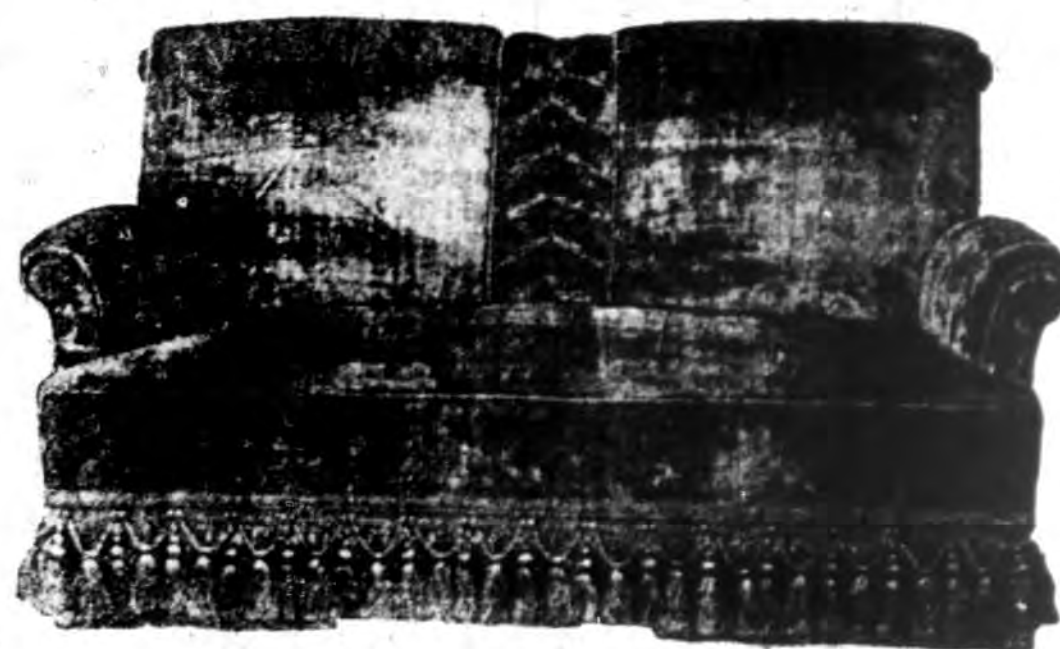
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